

POP!

short for popular

#2

CULTURE! MUSIC! SEX! LIFE!

SWEARING!

WOMEN!

FAT BLOKES!

PORNO!

NEW YORK DOLLS!

PUNK TRANSVESTITES!

FREE AGAIN, LUCKY, LUCKY YOU, FREE AGAIN!

POP!

: short for popular

Welcome to issue two. Again, I bring you lies, trivia, urban myths, ramblings and smut.

Here's how it works: You get something for free that will hopefully interest, entertain or just plain baffle you, in return I get an outlet for my writing

Readers, without you I am nothing.

JOE POP

If you want extra/back/future copies, send an A5 SAE to:

POP!

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Erratum: In issue 1, the article on an encounter with Robert Plant should have included the line "He fluffed and fiddled with his golden hair like Nicky Clark, the television hairdressing expert".

GINGER SPICENEGGER!



'PS, I'll be back'

Geri Halliwell's Spice Girls sign-off

Our cover stars are my much treasured fridge magnet of "The Bushwhackers", participants in the panto that is WWF Wrestling. Could they look any more gay?!?!?



BULL!

About five years ago I had my septum pierced, and its one of my favorite piercings and I heartily recommend it. Your septum is the bridge between the nostrils, but the piercing doesn't go through the cartilage as many think. If you feel in your nose, between the bottom of the join and the cartilage, is an area of thin flesh. This is where the piercing goes. When I had it done, by a calm and professional piercer, the pain was really minimal, although it made me jump with surprise! I had a septum keeper put in, which is a U shaped piece of stainless steel, that flips up inside the nose and is unseen. When I'm not wearing a ring or tusk in my nose, I keep this keeper in to keep the piercing open. The healing took only about 2 weeks, and unlike other piercings sometimes do, never flares up or is sore.

These days, I don't wear visible jewelry that often, maybe every couple of weeks when I go out clubbing. It's one piercing that really shocks people. Maybe because its so visible, and very primal. It really is the savage with the bone through his nose to some people. However, even though I don't wear stuff all the time, I would never let it close up, as I like the option. Also, the hidden keeper is so small, I never notice it.

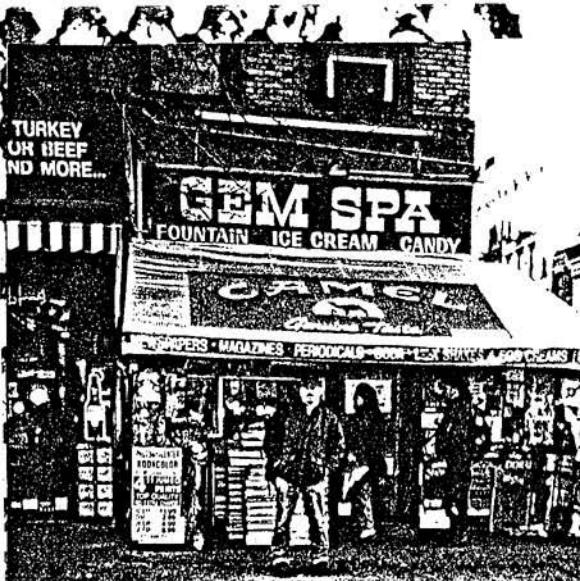
When I do wear visible jewelry, it makes me feel so glamorous! Just by putting a ring in makes me feel dressed up for the evening. I feel so proud, magical and powerful, like a Minotaur. Other times, it makes me into sleazy dirty pigboy! I also sometimes wear a tusk, but you have to be careful when you snog someone, or else you'll have their eye out.

Under plain brown wrapper.

Here is the opening paragraph from a great porn mag I got while on holiday in Barcelona a couple of years ago. The mag is called "Heavy Toolin'", featuring The Manhandlers". The two blokes in the mag, which I date to about 1972, are quite sexy in a home made tattooed, fuffy hairdo, vestigial mustachioed kind of way. But the writing is the best bit!

" Danny Milano liked his new job. It was different than it had been in the Navy machine shop for the last four years. Busier, and for Danny that meant better. Free time had always been a problem. Except for the six months in Singapore when he'd spent every free minute in the tattoo parlor, leisure time meant too much liquor and too many brawls. And while he won more than he lost, Dan preferred to think of himself as a lover rather than a fighter. A nice sweet ass was meant for fucking, not kicking.

Buck Williams didn't mind the overtime work that had come up that Saturday because he knew that he'd be alone in the factory with the new man in the motor repair department. He remembered the way his asshole had throbbled the day the guy had been hired. The sexy hooded eyes, the dark sharp sensual Italian features, and the myriad variety of tattoos he'd glimpsed all spelt stud to Buck and had had him in heat for two weeks now. And today he planned to give that tooler's tool a workout."



LOOKIN' FOR A KISS!

Here I am, out side the Gem Spa drug store, The East Village, New York. I made a pilgrimage, as its where the picture of the New York Dolls on the back of their first album was taken. In the picture, they look just so trashy, scary and , like, out there. Johnny Thunders with his bulging crotch, David Johansen in a torn off the shoulder tee shirt and all of them like something from another world. That photo had a big effect on me.

On that gum spattered sidewalk, I closed my eyes, and concentrated. Quietly, but surely, I could hear the ghostly clump, clump, clump of platform shoes on the pavement.

POWER TOOLS IMPACT DRILL/DRIVER



HAMMER ACTION
FORWARD/REVERSE

PALM SANDER



CORY SPONDANCE:

A PUNK ROCK ORIGINAL

Many years ago I met Cory Spondance at a party in a seedy squat in Hackney. He was very small and androgynous, and also very quick witted and sharp tongued. I was a bit wary of him at first, as he ran with a "fast" crowd who took loads of smack and tuinols. But I got to know him a bit better, and he was always nice to me, but that was due to me deferring to him all the time.

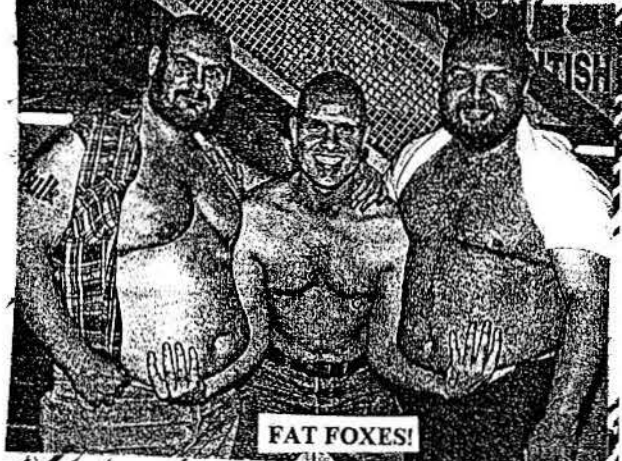
Cory was quite fearless and mad. There was a story, probably spread by Cory himself, that his mum had taken loads of acid when she was pregnant with him. I remember he had a poster of Elvis on his wall, on which he had added antlers, and the name "Elkvis".

He would run around in leather mini skirts and make up all the time. One day, while waiting for a bus, some geezers started making clucking, chicken noises at him, probably due to his mohican. Cool as a cucumber, Cory turned to them and said, "I'd get that seen to if I were you."

He gave me one day a drawing pad filled with the most intricate, amazing drawings. There was a cut out paper doll of him self, plus 75, yes 75, extremely detailed outfits, including hats, handbags and accessories. I presume it was a result of a nights speed psychosis. It was a work of genius, and I still treasure it today.

I haven't seen Cory for years. Cory, wherever you are, I send my love and hope you are well and happy. You were a one off.





FAT FOXES!

OH! FAT BLOKE!

In the last POP! I wrote about my thoughts on the subject of butchness, and it got me thinking as to how we present and perceive ourselves.

Over the last few years, you can't help but notice how much more common the male nude, or near nude, is in the media. As the female body has been used to sell things to us for years, now every where you look male bodies are everywhere, be it print, T.V or film. But all these bodies are the same - one homogenous pert pec'd gym toned under 25 year old. Now, if you are, or want to be a pert pec'd gym toned under 25, fine! But I feel it makes all of us who aren't feel we are invisible and unacceptable.

I've always been less than lithe, and in the past on the gay scene never felt that I was the desired and required shape. But then I got older and wiser, and learnt to accept and appreciate my body for what it was. The fact that I seemed to be meeting men that wanted and liked my body, to me at the time, my stumpy non toned body, also helped. I also found myself being attracted to big/fat/chubby/bear what ever you want to call it men as well, an identification that came with self acceptance, I suppose. I now find the strongest man in the world contest more erotic than any Jeff Stryker film!

The first time that I ever had sex with a man bigger than myself was a real revelation. He was, I dunno, 15, 16, 17 stone, and I felt both comforted and protected by his mass, and also attracted to his solid rounded curves. He really attracted to his solid rounded curves. He really felt real, really...THERE, y'know....(I should also add that I was also turned on by his handsome face, friendly manner, fabulous knockers and the fact that he made very clear that was very attracted to me. I don't want to objectify him anymore than he would wish!)

In recent years I've had varying responses to my size and shape. I've had smaller men patronizing me by saying "I wish I was bigger, how do you do it?" I reply "EAT LARD!" And I despair of my friends who pluck at non existent tummies going "Oh, I'm so hideous and ugly and FAT!" When I ask them what does that make me, they reply, "But on you it looks good!" As gay men we are bombarded with images of perfect bodies, and I know so many men who are obsessed with their weight and food. I read that the number of men with eating disorders has had a dramatic increase. I wonder how many of them are gay.

The last thing I want to do is just turn convention on its head and make being big the desired state. Let's all be who we want to be. Let fat blokes shag smaller blokes, fat blokes shag fat blokes, smaller blokes shag smaller blokes! Let love and sex know no barriers!

One thing, on the subject of language, what terms do we use? Fat? Big? Chubby? Bear? Personally I can't bear the term Chubby, as it sound infantilistic and neutered, and Chubby Chaser conjures up visions of some one running after Christopher Biggins with an outsize butterfly net! I'd rather be called FATBOY!

If you want to go where the big blokes go, if you are one or not, try:

The King's Arms, Poland St., London W1. Very relaxed traditional type pub.

Bulk Club, Fridays, Bar Nine, Vauxhall. I have yet to go to this new incarnation, but if its anything like before, it will be friendly, attitude free, fun and sexy.

Lately I've been losing quite a bit of weight without really trying due to doing lots of swimming (yeah!) and re starting smoking (boo!) I'm concerned that I won't be big enough to be a "big" bloke! Fuck. Something else to worry about!

BIG & HAIRY MEETS SMOOTH & SLIDY 333 836

Tourette's for the young and young at heart



Thank you Lord for 60's girl groups, Carhartt workwear jeans, seedless water melons, all my friends, antibiotics, drag queens, lesbian revolutionaries, goldfish and sunshine. Please could I have world peace, an end to hunger, a cure for AIDS and cancer and also could you let me understand computers better. Amen.

Raindrops on roses, Whiskers on kittens part 2.....more good times.

On Sunday mornings, usually at the crack of 11 a.m. M. And I usually go and have breakfast in our local greasy spoon. It's called Sarah's, and is on the Kentish Town Road, opposite the Greek Orthodox church. Its got alarming orange furniture, with the seats bolted to the floor, all very Wimpy 1973. The staff are all very friendly, and welcome us as regulars. I've yet to work out their ethnicity, not Greek, maybe Turkish? Invariably we have hangovers, and the best cure for this is triple fried everything. While we wait, we read the complimentary trash Sunday papers, enjoying tails of "Aliens beamed me up", and admiring the adverts for porcelain figurines and plates with kittens painted on them. The food arrives, and every thing is great. The waitress is a friendly young woman who looks quite beautiful and carefully made up, even on a Sunday morning. She quite fancies M., so she flirts with us, wiping the table and refilling the sugar dispenser. At the other tables, old men silently sip their tea, and the young couple with the three kids under five try to keep things under control. All the time a tape is playing. Its invariably Eternal's greatest hits, and I know most of the words.

We finish our food and our papers, and haul our selves up to go home to bed.

The Roundhouse, London December 1977...I have come to see the Buzzcocks play, and its all a bit out of my depth. I'm far to young to be here on my own, what were my parents thinking of, letting me come on my own. There are all these fascinating (to me) adults, all dressed up weird, and invariably standing in front of me blocking the view...I managed to get up to the balcony to be able to see better.

There was another band on first called Penetration that I had a single of called "Don't dictate", and I really liked them, but there was another band on before the Buzzcocks. I'd never heard of them: Siouxsie and the what? When they finally came on, I was mesmerized. What a weird woman! She looked like nothing I'd ever seen before, and the music was like nothing I'd ever heard. It was harsh and strange, and I started to really get into it. At one point in between songs, this weird Siouxsie woman said "There's a large percentage of the audience here who don't like us. That suits us just fine!" I was impressed.

I had to leave before the Buzzcocks came on as I'd promised I'd be home by 10. I didn't mind. I had bought a badge with this Siouxsie woman's face on it when I got home my mum asked if it was Elvis. The next day I dyed all my clothes black in the bath.

KNICKER SWAPPING PARTY 228 223



Gratuitous pic of five foxy tattooed boys. Frankly, I'd shag 'em all.

WOMEN I HAVE LOVED

There has always been lots of women in my life and its only now that I probably know as many men as I do women. When I was a little kid, I remember many jelly and ice cream birthday parties, where it would be me and 25 girls. At primary school, girls were still always my friends. They were brighter and more interesting than boys, who were rough and played football and viewed me with suspicion. As I got teenage, girls were still my best friends, and boys were still frightening, but now because I was terrified that they would recognize the difference in me. However, these girls I knew acted as camouflage, and all the boys assumed that I was one big stud! I never considered these women to be "fagbags", a term I feel insults them. They seemed genuinely interested in me, and I in them. As I made my first faltering steps coming out, they coaxed and encouraged me.

My women friends and I went through lots together. We laughed, cried, bitched, shoplifted and danced together. Some I came out with, and together explored the gay scene. We listened to each others problems, counseled each other through love crisis, advised each other on hair styles and spent hours on the phone talking about every thing and nothing.

I remember.....

Julia, kneeling on the floor were I lay, her arms around me as I cried my eyes out.

Beck, so motherly, always wiping our noses and cooking dinner. She would stand there with an unopened jar of coffee, and ask "Who wants to pop the seal".

Gabes and I stuck in a traffic jam in Kilburn High Road in a thunderstorm, discussing yogurt as a sex toy, and laughing, laughing, laughing.

Maria and I walking on the Heath soon after her mum's death. I tried to give her comfort by being calm and rational, things Maria was not feeling. We ended up in the Body shop, trying out perfumes. We decided the lemon verbena smelt like toilet cleaner.

Val and I on a night bus. I was scared of some blokes that looked like they wanted to beat me up. Val, 5'2", fearless, with a pink mohican held my hand and made me feel safe. Charlotte and I on a pub crawl in Soho. We ended up drunk in G.A.Y, and scared all the cute out of town chickens by being loud embarrassing old people. The best part of the evening was eating chips on the steps under Centerpoint at 3.00 am.

Julia, again, and I in Kentish Town swimming pool. There was a bloke there we both fancied, and we hoped he didn't think we were a couple. We stood giggling in the shallow end, thinking that between the two of us, we could offer him something.

Bilah, her blue hair and home made nuns habit blowing in the wind, as she roller skated up the Finchley road to the ice cream parlor she worked in. Breathless and laughing, I ran in her wake.

Gabes, again, taking me to Gateway's on a Sunday lunch time when men were admitted. She and her mates made me feel one of the girls.

Laurel and I sitting in the school playground, as she mesmerized me with here description of "The lord of the rings". Her version was so much better than the actual book.

To Julia, Beck, Gabes, Maria, Val, Charlotte, Bilah, Laurel and also Nicky, Lou, Elaine, Marcelle, Yvonne, Nina, Rachel, Roz, Maggie, Linda, Michelle, Andria, Angie, Min, Lynn, Liz, Becky, Jo, and also to all the others, I say, I love you, I need you and thank you for being my friends.



From the side of the carton of my official WWF Wrestling Easter egg.